THE New Republic

Jimmy Hoffa of The Teamsters— Man in a Hurry

PAGE 11

BRAINSTORMING on Madison Avenue

OR

When great minds get together at BBD&O, the result is ideation

FEBRUARY 20, 1956

20c

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Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

Like the well-intentioned house dog that drops a malodorous fishbone on the oriental rug at a formal reception, mild little Sen. Francis Case (R, S.D.) dropped his story of the $2,500 oil campaign contribution on the taupe carpet of the august Senate in the final days of the natural-gas-bill debate. Holding their noses, the Senators voted 53-38 for the second great giveaway since 1953 (first: offshore oil). Then they turned angrily on Case.

Case looked and acted guilty. He had violated the rules of the Club. The leaders set up a select group, carefully blinkered from investigating lobbying as a whole, which dealt with Case on the opening day as though he were the man on trial.

Let us here, however, deal with the broader aspects of the story: so vast, so gaudy, so essentially American that Walt Whitman would have slapped his knee over them. The oil-gas industry is, of course, one of the mightiest in the United States. Drills bore down miles deep; derricks march out to sea; flames shoot up into the night; men spend lifetimes seeking the stinking stuff; a whole new illiterate Texas aristocracy has risen to challenge the Older Wealth.

The great legislative stake here is the 27.5 percent depletion-tax allowance—the loophole written into law by Congress which ties oil irrevocably into federal politics. Lobbyists rationalize the grab by saying explorers should be encouraged to open up new fields so as to burn up the nation's birthright as fast as possible rather than to husband it against some future day of Armageddon (as we might do if we imported oil). *Fortune* magazine figures that the 18 biggest oil companies saved $700 million in taxes in one year through this.

The problem here—as always in our admirable political system—is to persuade the consumer to support something that is bad for him. But this is not so hard as it seems. It is an article of the American credo, isn't it, that government interference with business is bad? And what journalist would gainsay that? We figure that it takes ten years to educate a Washington reporter and that after he has got his degree there are few vehicles through which he can express his doubt anyway. "It would take me 800 words just to explain 'depletion allowance'," one veteran reporter told us, "and if I did nobody would read it!" Better relax and chuckle over the whole fantastic show and watch the consumer hail his Senator for adding $40 to his gas bill. (New England Republican Senators Saltonstall, Bridges, Flanders and Payne, for example, all voted for the Harris bill to the plaudits of the Yankee press, though no gas is produced in the region.)

All this is entertaining enough, and obviously it is a system under which America has flourished. Take the most revered company of all, Standard Oil of New Jersey which, by divine grace and depreciation allowance, has raised the value of its shares from $50 each in 1950 to $152 today, with 65,400,000 shares outstanding, or a paper value of $10 billion. To attack success like that would be to defile a cathedral. Shares of the Superior Oil Company (in the Case affair) sold for only $169 in 1948 and now sell for $1,110. Its executives are accustomed to distribute largess to politicians and to hire lobbyists in legislative assemblies. Doubtless it is influenced, too, by the great modern economic discovery that it costs less to elect Senators in the West than in the populous East, and each of their votes counts just as much as Herbert Lehman's.

Well, now our panorama broadens, and we turn to vast and windy South Dakota where the simple citizenry drive 80 miles an hour over the undeviating prairie and rarely pass a tree, a town or another car. People out there are frank, hospitable and far apart. Everybody looks like Harry Truman, and so does Case. The atmosphere of this idyllic state came out as Case testified folksil last week. He is a busy, colorless litt man from Sioux Falls, Minnehah County, who appointed the town dru gist as his campaign manager and in posed three restrictions on donors, n "liquor money," no checks for mor than $100 and no strings attache Since everybody in South Dakota is a ready Republican, he figured his entir re-election campaign would cost onl about $10,000 of which the GOP Na tional Committee would put up $4,000

Case neither smokes nor drinks, ac cepts the Methodist discipline, hate government in business and loves Re publicans. Are there higher virtues? H was all set to vote for the gas-grab bil until, suddenly, out of the blue, ther dropped into his campaign treasurer' lap a plain white envelope containin 25 $100 bills from a mysterious stranger

With a shock it came to Case sud denly that somebody must have a finan cial stake in this bill. He dropped hi announcement of this naïve realization like the aforesaid foul fishbone, at th feet of recoiling colleagues. Hastily th party bosses passed the bill, hastily they beat down efforts at investigation.

But even the limited inquiry brought out facts which everybody had previously suspected. Neff, the Superior Oil company's lobbyist who drove all the way from Nebraska to Sioux Falls to leave the unmarked envelope, explained that he had made the "contribution" simply out of loving kindness. He had never met, seen, talked to, nor written to Case in his life, he said. And so on, through the other oil company officials up to President Keck from whom the money came. It had not seemed a very large amount to him, Keck explained—there were no strings attached, and gifts like this to candidates were common.

All this for a little man who would have voted for the gas bill if only he had been left alone! The blinding flash of illumination that came to Case may now reach even a voter or two, though we doubt whether the Senate will touch the depletion allowance which is the heart of the matter. Some Democratic Senators tremble that Ike might veto the bill which would blow their "giveaway" issue to bits. But then they remember the men around Ike and are not afraid

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Civil Rights Squeeze on the Democrats

THE CLASH which began in California between Stevenson and Kefauver partisans over civil rights, marked by random shots and some shooting from the hip, ran its course by mid-February, and can now be appraised.

Negro leaders of the NAACP, who forced the clash, accomplished their immediate purpose, which was to compel these two Democratic candidates to declare themselves in writing on the subject of civil rights. Kefauver obliged with a 500-word telegram to the NAACP, sent from Washington, D. C., February 10. Stevenson followed two days later with a 500-word statement.

To the voter who is willing to analyze these thoughtful documents, the two men reveal remarkably similar convictions, although Kefauver's telegram, by its canvass of many areas in which civil rights action is possible, assumes a more militant posture.

Both men base their statements firmly on the recent Supreme Court decision. Stevenson says, "We must proceed, as the Court has said, with all reasonable speed." Kefauver began, "The Supreme Court decision is the law of the land."

On the need for action, Kefauver wrote: "If elected President, I will work steadfastly and energetically to end discrimination based on color. . . ." He specifically cited elimination of the poll tax, and a need for expanding the civil-rights section of the Department of Justice.

Stevenson's more ponderous comments backed into the subject of action: "I suggest no slowing down of the effort to bring to reality the American concept of full equality for all our citizens."

On the proposed Powell amendment on the bill for federal aid to school construction, which would deny federal funds to school districts retaining segregation, Stevenson was categorically opposed, stating that "Punitive action by the federal government may actually delay the process of integration."

Kefauver equivocated, yet strongly implied he would vote against the amendment. He hoped a vote would be unnecessary, Kefauver said, if the President would promise not to use federal funds to construct segregated schools. But if the Senate were asked to vote on the Powell amendment, Kefauver said he would decide his ballot by the following two questions: Is the amendment consistent with the Supreme Court formula for orderly transition? Would the amendment retard educational opportunities?

Stevenson, by the careful wording of his statement, managed to crawl off the limb on which he had got himself after a casual suggestion in California that a target date of July 1, 1963—the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation—might be set for the ending of all segregation. Stevenson advisers were quick to point out that such a position could place Stevenson in conflict with the Supreme Court mandate for gradualism, *as defined by local federal courts*. Stevenson thereupon added that the Supreme Court had set no fixed time limit for the ending of segregation.

In appraising this half-month skirmish between two Democratic candidates, the political analyst looks first at the effects on the two candidates. Both Stevenson and Kefauver camps disclaim fervently, and with undoubted sincerity, that their stands on civil rights stem from conviction, not politics. But the effect on politics is there nevertheless. Stevenson supporters began to quote the Kefauver record to show he has not always voted as he now talks: An ADA compilation of civil-rights votes from 1947 to 1952 gives Kefauver a score of two "right" stands and 5 "wrong."

Still, some Negro leaders declare Kefauver the more forthright candidate. The only Negro newspaper publisher in Minnesota, where Kefauver and Stevenson meet in a state primary election March 20, switched from Stevenson to Kefauver. Yet whatever Kefauver gained in California and the North will be offset in large part by the votes he alienated in Florida, where he also faces Mr. Stevenson in a test vote on May 29.

But this civil-rights debate had an impact much broader and deeper than its effect upon the political fortunes of individual candidates, or even upon minority groups like the NAACP. It held up the Democratic Party as a whole to criticism. There is a growing awareness among the Democratic leaders that the civil-rights issue can color in a devastating way the public image of the Party.

The Democratic one-party system is strongest in those states which are resisting the Supreme Court segregation decisions. The Democratic Party controls the capital of the state where hooligans recently mobbed the automobile of the first Negro student at the state university, and pursued her off the campus. White supremacy councils formed in a dozen Southern states include in their membership leading Democratic officials, including members of Congress.

The Stevenson-Kefauver debate tends to call attention to these facts, to point up the Democratic Party association with past and present injustices, and distorts the image of the party out of all proportion.

By contrast, the voter may recall that the unanimous Supreme Court decision outlawing forced segregation was written by the Republican ex-Governor of California.

Secret Diplomacy

WHEELS set in motion by the visit of Prime Minister Eden in early February have already produced an important diplomatic result in Asia, and may set the stage for an Israeli-Egyptian detente.

Mr. Eden asked a relaxing of trade controls on Communist China, and Mr. Eisenhower promised to reexamine US policy. Within a week the State Depart-

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ment announced that it would resume economic assistance to Ceylon, which had been cut off from US aid since 1952 because it was selling rubber to Communist China. Such a decision could foreshadow a new policy under which an allied nation like Thailand would be permitted to sell its rice to Communists.

The Israeli development was reported by *The London Economist,* whose sources within the British Government are seldom wrong. It said: "The main practical result which the Americans seek from the conference is the synchronizing of the long series of secret negotiations planned on the model of those which led to the Trieste settlement."

British and American negotiators, it will be recalled, shuttled secretly for two years between Rome and Belgrade, formulating a compromise over the disputed port city of Trieste, and devising a face-saving explanation which each country could make to its own people. Such a negotiation between Egypt and Israel is probably now in its early stages.

Hit 'em Again!

AS TELEVISION critic John Crosby said last week, David Ebbitt's attack in *The New Republic* (January 23) on the inquisitorial quality of some TV panel shows "has stirred up quite a storm." In our correspondence columns this week, the television personality Mr. Ebbitt referred to as "God's angry little man," Lawrence Spivak, has his say.

"Reaction on the [*NR*] article," Crosby notes, "was sharply split up the middle. . . . According to *Variety*, a number of advertising men have leaped to the defense of *Meet the Press.*"

Crosby's complaint against certain political quiz shows "is not that the politicians get rumpled, though I must admit the low blows occasionally make me wince, but that the main purpose of journalism seems to have been lost sight of." No wonder, he adds,

> that guests of the calibre of Adlai Stevenson look depressed after the interview. They come prepared with carefully thought out and even courageous stands on public issues—and then find that no one's interested in any words except fighting words.

The New Republic is on Mr. Ebbitt's side of the argument. Too often, *Meet the Press*' "way of getting the story" is merely its way of "getting" the guest. No one today questions TV's influence. One *can* ask whether its sense of responsibility has caught up with its power. The driving incentive of programs like *Meet the Press* can be to crack the Monday headlines, to amuse the viewer with the spectacle of journalists playing at prosecuting attorney, to shoot for the highest audience rating (thus keeping the sponsors happy) or these shows can, in Crosby's words, "enlarge the sphere of public understanding of some issue."

Menon Goes Home

EVEN TO his Indian subordinates, V. K. Krishna Menon, India's spokesman at the United Nations, is a caustic, "difficult" man. Menon's controversial personality has been a liability, not only because he irritated the public, but he distracted attention from essentials. The Indian case has often been obscured in the exasperation over Menon himself. He has been widely viewed as the pro-Communist evil genius behind Prime Minister Nehru's refusal to toe the US line. This has hardly been a helpful contribution to Indo-American relations from the Indian side, at a time when Secretary Dulles' contribution from the American side is negligible.

Contrary to the impression he has created in this country, Menon's world view is strictly in keeping with the settled Indian "non-alignment" policy. Menon enjoys close personal standing with his old friend Nehru precisely because he so faithfully reflects Nehru's own foreign-policy approach. It is for this reason that Nehru last week carried through his long-declared intention to appoint Menon to his Cabinet.

Menon's appointment can be expected to turn greater attention to India's able Ambassador in Washington, G. L. Mehta, who now need not constantly seek to undo antipathy stirred by Menon. In India itself, Menon may well be the right-hand man Nehru has needed since the death of Food Minister Rafi Ahmed Kidwai (*NR*, Nov. 29, 1954). He is likely to take over the administrative burden in the Foreign Ministry, freeing Nehru for domestic leadership responsibilities. In the aftermath of the January Bombay linguistic riots, Nehru's domestic leadership becomes especially urgent. He alone commands sufficient influence throughout India to settle inter-regional feuds that might otherwise seriously complicate India's economic development on the eve of the second Five-Year Plan. Krishna Menon's new assignment therefore appears helpful both to India's relations with the United States and to the equally important challenge at home.

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WHERE RESPONSIBILITY LIES

Alabama Authorities Were Too Late—With Too Little

MOST ALABAMIANS are ashamed of recent happenings in Tuscaloosa. That goes even for dyed-in-the-wool segregationists—except those committed to violence as a solution of the race issue. There is a strong feeling among thoughtful people that the affair could have been nipped in the bud, if the authorities, off and on the University campus, had acted with greater foresight.

Autherine Lucy had been permitted to register, in response to a federal court order. She attended some classes prior to the first hostile demonstration on the night of Friday, February 3. There was another demonstration the following night. Clearly this was not a case of student skylarking.

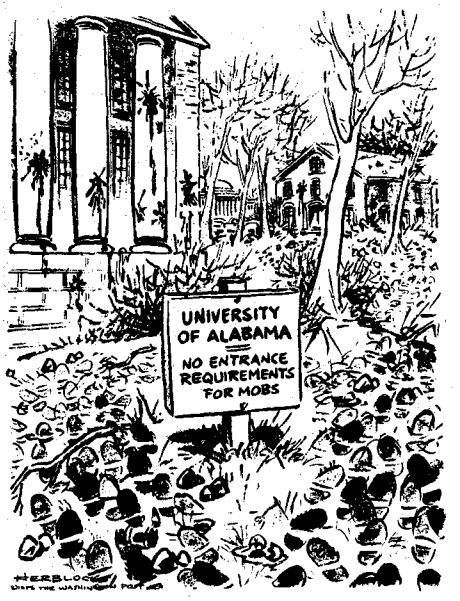
Since everyone knew that the Negro student was in Birmingham, why had these rioters gone into action? Obviously they had in mind "softening" the University authorities. But there was a more sinister purpose in the picture — the building up of an emotional drive calculated to lead to what happened on Monday, February 6, with Miss Lucy on the campus again. Agitators were free to pour fuel on the fire. Without perceptible restraint from any quarter, Monday's explosion was inevitable.

Where was Governor Folsom all this time? He was away from his office for the weekend. His bent is against the use of the National Guard. On his behalf it is being urged that, because of police on the ground and the state highway patrol, the situation did not call for the injection of his authority. It appears that no timely request for the Governor's intervention went out from the University.

But what about the police and the highway patrol? They seem not to have taken the disorders seriously, or to have dealt with them competently, until it was too late. That charge has been made against both the University and the Tuscaloosa police, although it is disputed in the latter instance. But what about the highway patrol?

A newspaper story reports that highway patrolmen had orders "from the top" on Monday "not to lay hands on a student." These instructions from Montgomery, we are told, "hampered the police in their work because it prevented patrolmen from arresting any students involved in the riot, leaving them powerless to break up the mob."

What about the University administration? Plainly, President Oliver Cromwell Carmichael did not live up to his name. He is a distinguished educator. He accepted his present post at a sacrifice, because he wished to serve his own



state. But those who know him well say he is cautious to a fault. His conservative instinct kept him from grasping the nettle. He may not have been served too well by his staff. Admirers of Dr. Carmichael are troubled by his poor showing in this crisis, just as they are sorry he had to meet such a cruel challenge.

How much he has been handicapped by the University Board of Trustees can only be guessed at. The Board is self-perpetuating and Bourbon to the last drop. It contains at least one conspicuous Dixiecrat and several other members amenable to his views. President Carmichael regards himself as the Board's agent, its alter ego. What he himself thinks about the issue of integration or about a policy of piddling legalism is not known. What the Board thinks is a matter of record.

On Monday, February 6, a mob, made up of students and outside elements drawn from the countryside, from nearby plants and from Mississippi only 50-odd miles away, took over the University. It is hard to say whether the rioters merely wished to frighten Miss Lucy or the authorities into ending her academic career or actually to lynch her. University officials came in for shocking mistreatment. Murder was in the air, so far as Autherine Lucy was concerned. She was chased from one building to another as though she were an animal pursued by a pack of hounds. Then the Board, at a special meeting, ordered her exclusion from classes. This was described as a safety measure. It brought an uneasy quiet to the campus.

The next day, the *Tuscaloosa News* carried a front-page editorial ending with the following declaration:

> As matters now stand, the University administration and trustees have knuckled under to the pressures and desires of a mob. What is to keep the same mob, if uncontrolled again, from taking over in any other field where it decides to impose its wishes? Apparently nothing. What is the answer to a mob? We think that is clear. It lies in firm, decisive action. It lies in the use of whatever force is necessary to restrain and subdue anyone who is violating the law. Not a single University student has been arrested on the campus, and that is no indictment against the men in uniform, but against higher levels which failed to give them clean-cut authority to go along with responsibility. What has happened here is far more important than whether a Negro girl is admitted to the University. We have a breakdown of law and order, an abject surrender to what is expedient rather than a courageous stand for what is right. Yes, there's peace on the University campus this morning. But what a price has been paid for it!

It took Autherine Lucy three years to win the right to enroll at the University. Even then she was barred from living or eating on the campus. That's evidently against "the Southern way of life," though in countless Southern homes Negro servants enjoy as a matter of course the privilege denied to Miss Lucy.

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Shut out of attending classes, though still held to be a student, Autherine Lucy has gone back to the Federal Court with a demand for reinstatement. A hearing will be held February 29 before Judge Hobart Grooms, who issued the original order compelling her enrollment. Miss Lucy is in the strange position of being a University student who is not permitted to be a student. There is every reason to anticipate a new order from Judge Grooms directing the University to treat Miss Lucy as an actual and first-class student.

Governor Folsom has announced his intention to preserve order. President Carmichael has announced that if Miss Lucy is reinstated she will be amply protected.

It would be a mistake to assume that most University of Alabama students approve, or supported, the demonstrations against Autherine Lucy. Resolutions and petitions galore testify to a deep feeling within the student body that the University has been dishonored by recent happenings. But it would be equally a mistake to assume that, however much they may condemn the rioting, most students are against segregation. Just the reverse is true. They simply have not thought their way through to the real, the underlying issue.

That is too much to expect from youngsters who have not heard from any impressive source even a gradualist appeal for acceptance of the Supreme Court's decision on integration. Not a single, outstanding Alabamian has dared to urge publicly that the law as interpreted by our highest court must be effectuated—somehow, someday. There is a great hullabaloo about interposition, as though John C. Calhoun had risen from his grave, as though the Civil War had never been fought.

Whatever happens to Autherine Lucy, very real trouble may yet develop in this state with reference to the race question. The White Citizens Council movement is spreading like wild fire. It is the old Klan with a more or less respectable façade. It has already penetrated the larger cities — Birmingham, Montgomery. It is taking hold in the rural sections. It seems to have a cell on the University campus. It unquestionably fomented the Tuscaloosa riots.

Birmingham, Alabama

Is the South Moving "with All Deliberate Speed"?

SEVENTEEN Southern and Border States appeared to be moving into an era of litigation and legislation over the school racial question as court rulings increased in number and as legislative bodies met —in most cases to strengthen pro-segregation devices.

Meantime, two more counties in West Virginia desegregated their schools in mid-year and Kentucky, with 40 desegregated districts, disclosed that every district in the state will have adopted a desegregation plan and "started the process in one area of service or another" by September. In Tennessee, a federal court ordered high-school desegregation in Anderson County, and Nashville school officers began quiet discussions of the segregation-desegregation question with parents, school-by-school.

Eight legislatures were in session, with five of them discussing or passing on new pro-segregation legislation.

Alabama became the first state to declare "null, void and of no effect" the Supreme Court's 1954 decision against segregation. A *Southern School News* survey showed that the doctrine of interposition was before legislatures or was being discussed to some degree in at least eight other states — Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana and North Carolina.

An SSN survey of court action showed that rulings or decrees have been entered in 25 of 30-odd school cases, most of them since the second Supreme Court ruling of May 31, 1955.

A state-by-state summary of major developments follows:

Alabama

Alabama's legislature apparently was moving toward "freedom of choice" legislation embodied in the Boutwell bill providing for three separate school systems after passing a resolution declaring the 1954 Supreme Court decision "null, void and of no effect." Gov. James E. Folsom criticized the resolution but did not indicate whether he would veto it.

Arkansas

The Hoxie case was finally resolved in a federal court decision making permanent a temporary injunction against pro-segregationists and again declaring Arkansas' school-segregation laws unconstitutional. A proposed constitutional amendment on interposition has been filed with the attorney general. At Van Buren the school board was ordered by a court to report by August 15 on "progress and plans" for desegregation.

Delaware

The letter "C" after a school district was approved by bond attorneys and is now interpreted as meaning "a school district that will not be required to raise its local share of the costs of a new school" (instead of designating a colored school). The Greenwood school board in south Delaware reversed its ban on athletic engagements with desegregated schools while the Milford High School PTA withdrew from the state and national bodies.

District of Columbia

Supt. Hobart M. Corning said public-school integration, now in effect for one and one-half years, will be undermined if Congress does not restore budget funds to permit the hiring of 180 more teachers.

Florida

The Florida Supreme Court, which had voided the state's segregation laws in a college entrance case, was asked for more time for the collection of information on the possible effects of college desegregation in an official move interpreted as a tactic of delay. County superintendents, in a session discussing cooperation in a survey of attitudes toward desegregation, adopted a hands-off policy.

Georgia

Gov. Marvin Griffin's program for private schools was underwritten by the General Assembly as action was completed on five of six bills designed to implement the private school amendment of 1954. Griffin meanwhile was studying the interposition theory, and in Washington 10 members of the Georgia congressional delegation endorsed the principle.

Kentucky

In a little-heralded report, the State Department of Education disclosed that 40 school districts have desegregation "in some measure" or have "opened the way" to it, and that every district in the

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tate will have adopted a desegregation lan and "started the process in one area f service or another" by September. Meanwhile, a federal court ordered degregation of the Adair County High chool, and 17 Negroes were admitted anuary 16 without incident.

Louisiana

Louisiana's new governor, third-term r Earl K. Long, will take office in May pledged to retain school segregation, aving answered "yes" (along with four ther candidates) to the question wheth- r he could close any school where interation is ordered by federal authority. ouisiana State University was directed y a court not to refuse admittance to a Negro undergraduate.

Mississippi

Five bills designed to strengthen the tate's official stand against desegregaion are pending in the legislature. Misissippi's new governor, J. P. Coleman, lelivered an inaugural address interpretd as "stern on the matter of preserving egregation" but "temperate in its approach."

Missouri

A special survey of one year of integration at Soldan High School in St. ouis shows no problems of student reationships or hygiene but a greater degree of absenteeism and a larger number of failures in most courses.

North Carolina

North Carolina is in an "enviable position" to retain segregation, according to Gov. Luther H. Hodges, because of the state's assignment law. Local study committees in a "confidential" letter from Raleigh have been advised to suspend their efforts. Mechanics of the assignment law are expected to prevent any racial mixing in the schools for at least two years.

Oklahoma

With at least 88 districts having ordered desegregation, the state has adopted a new finance policy expected to save up to $1 million by eliminating 175 teachers and effecting other economies. This is expected to result in the closing of most remaining all-Negro high schools.

South Carolina

The General Assembly, now in session, is dealing with a mass of pro-segregation legislation highlighted by a resolution of interposition and including seven specific bills designed to maintain the segregated school system.

Tennessee

Confronting a delegation from pro-segregation groups that "marched on" Nashville, Gov. Frank Clement rejected pleas for strong action to maintain segregation. In East Tennessee's Anderson County, a federal court ruling calls for high-school desegregation "not later than" next fall. Nashville began parental discussion of segregation-desegregation problems.

Texas

Gov. Allan Shivers has indicated an interest in the doctrine of interposition, apparently as it might relate to protection of state regulation of oil and gas. Texas Southern University, a state-supported Negro institution, has announced it will desegregate Sept. 1.

Virginia

A constitutional convention has been called for March 5 to arrange for state payment of tax funds for private tuition under the Gray Plan. On Jan. 9 Virginians voted more than two-to-one for the convention. A few days later Arlington County announced a desegregation plan, which met with some opposition, immediately in the General Assembly.

West Virginia

Losing teachers to other states, West Virginia is looking for legislative remedies for low teacher pay. Integration began in January in Greenbrier and Raleigh County schools; two other counties, Summers and Mercer, will integrate with the beginning of the fall term.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT—DANIEL MEBANE—ALLAN E. AIRD

BY AN UNHAPPY coincidence, *The New Republic* lost two of its oldest and closest associates on the same day last week, Robert Morss Lovett and Daniel Mebane.

BOB LOVETT, who died at 85 in Chicago, was teacher, novelist, historian, playwright, essayist and critic. Intermittently over a period of many years he served as literary editor of this journal, but he was perhaps best known as a teacher of English at the University of Chicago, where he began his academic career in 1893. Hundreds of his former students, or the writers whose work he edited, remember his brilliant personality, his unflagging interest in helping the novice, his sure touch with manuscript. In recent years Bob Lovett and *The New Republic* had drifted apart, in a political sense, but there was never any diminution of our realization that whatever he did sprang from motives of the utmost probity.

DANIEL MEBANE, who, in his early sixties, died in New York City, had been, under various titles, the business manager of this paper for 30 years, beginning in the early nineteen-twenties, soon after his graduation from the University of Indiana. No one was ever more devoted to *The New Republic*, or more concerned that it should do what it could to help America move along the path of liberalism. The role of business manager of a liberal, intellectual journal is a hard one, but Dan Mebane did uncomplainingly the work that would have been divided among half a dozen men, at least, in the office of a big-circulation, commercial periodical, and still found time to be intensely interested in the fresh headlines of every day's news.

BY A SECOND sad coincidence, Dan Mebane's death followed by only a few weeks that of the man who had succeeded him as business manager when *The New Republic* moved to Washington a few years ago. Though he had been with the magazine only for this short time, Allan E. Aird's colleagues had come to count upon him for the same loyal and efficient administration that Dan Mebane gave this weekly.

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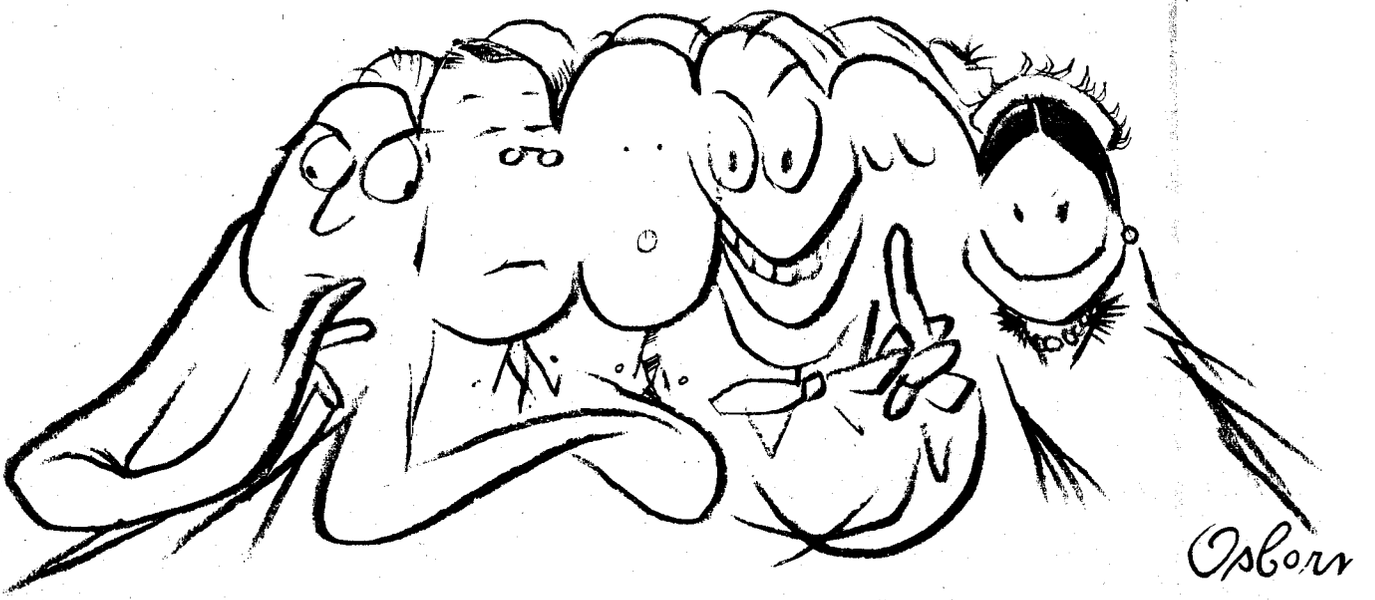

Brainstorming on Madison Avenue

by WALTER GOODMAN

BRAINSTORMING, in the language of the *Wall Street Journal,* "represents another mating of the Age of Freud with the Century of the Salesman." The union was arranged about 15 years ago by Alex F. Osborn, the 66-year-old Osborn of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, who has since gone on from marriage brokering to writing educational tracts such as "The Gold Mine Between Your Ears . . . How to think up more and more ideas." The pioneer thinkers christened their early efforts at creative collaboration "brainstorm sessions," according to Mr. Osborn, "because, in this case, 'brainstorm' means using the *brain* to *storm* a creative problem—and to do so in *commando* fashion, with each stormer audaciously attacking the same objective."

In the past two years, the audacious Osborn philosophy is reported to have positively revolutionized the thinking mores of some of the country's major businesses. US Steel, Johnson & Johnson, Bristol-Myers, US Rubber, Armstrong Cork—all have expunged the old-fashioned non-creative conference from their corporate lives. A single brainstorming session at General Motors' AC Spark Plug division produced more than 100 ways of finishing off a casting. It took a handful of clothing salesmen barely a quarter of an hour to think up 104 improvements in a suit of men's clothes.

Among the 75 promotional gambits evolved in 30 minutes by travelers for Christmas Club, a corporation devoted to thrift without interest, we find bank-sponsored carol singing at railroad stations and a helicopter that would circle a town broadcasting carols over a loudspeaker and then land in a bank parking lot so that Santa Claus might step out and distribute Club literature.

BBD&O itself has brainstormed all sorts of big and little problems for its very big clients. Most of the storms have raged in Masonic secrecy, but on occasion outsiders have been invited to help the account executives and copywriters bat around a generic, and hence non-confidential, matter of public concern. One such occasion was celebrated on January 6, in the specially designed "brainstorming" room on the 8th floor of 383 Madison Avenue. The subject before the team was: "What new devices not now available would make automobile driving easier and safer?" Along with the invitation came a blank sheet of paper.

A DOZEN of us gathered at 12:15 in a room decorated with Ban deodorant, Taylor thermometers, Dennison's diaper liners, Scotch tape, Betty Crocker instant frosting, Zerex anti-freeze, Ocean Spray cranberries and some 30 other BBD&O-favored products. Music played softly from a table radio whose make I neglected to jot down. Mr. Willard A. Pleuthner, BBD&O's Vice President in Charge of Brainstorming, greeted us all with the ebullient explanation that the walls of Brainstorm Room '56 were painted yellow because yellow has been elected the color most conducive to ideation. Plates, pads of paper, pencils—all yellow. A pine table, bordered by pine chairs, ("Pine exudes an informal, picnic-like atmosphere") was set for lunch. There was Campbell's soup, shrimp creole, Accent, Borden's ice cream, coffee

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and Lucky Strike cigarettes. Lunch went off smoothly, though the BBD&O account executive for Campbell's splattered himself opening a can of chicken-noodle.

As we ate, Mr. Pleuthner held up a chart which contended that 164 brainstorming sessions had roared through BBD&O in 1955 as compared with 147 in '54. Each, he said, took about an hour and produced from 70 to 170 ideas. The question "What new products, *not now available,* are needed for the home?" received 116 answers. (Bubble bath with built-in cleansing action so it cleans the tub and is soft and tender on the skin.) The problem, "In what ways can ice cream packages be made more attractive, more useful and interesting?" sparked 74 responses. (Choose 12 dogs for the year and each month feature on the box the Dog of the Month. Removable for children to save. Or have a different dog on each side—four dogs on a package.) A single session on behalf of Lever Brothers—"What to do with economy towels in the Breeze box?"—brought 177 suggestions ranging from aprons to diapers to wall decorations, and the Lever man among us announced that some of them would appear on the backs of our Breeze cartons in the near future. "A very promising idea," he declared.

Lunch over, we puffed our toasted Luckies while Mr. Pleuthner read the following charge:

GROUND RULES FOR BRAINSTORMING SESSIONS

1. *Judicial judgment is ruled out.* Criticism of ideas must be withheld until later.
2. *Free-wheeling is welcomed.* The wilder the idea the better; it is easier to tame down than to think up.
3. *Quantity is wanted.* The greater the number of ideas, the more the likelihood of winners.
4. *Combination and improvement are sought.* In addition to contributing ideas of their own, participants should suggest how ideas of others can be turned into *better* ideas; or how two or more ideas can be joined into still another idea.

After warning us not to jot down other people's ideas on our paper ("This means you're selecting, which means you're judging."), the Vice President plinked the little bell before him, a girl named Marjorie licked her pencil point, and our brains began to storm. A petite, gray-haired lady from Standard Oil protested that contemporary steering wheels are not being made for drivers of her proportions. A prosaic fellow from the Ethyl Corporation suggested that cars be equipped with clocks that keep time. A young BBD&O copywriter let herself go and stormed up a snow-plow-shaped bumper that would scoop a misplaced pedestrian to one side instead of knocking him down flat.

It soon could be seen, however, that the Lever Brothers' representative was the best prepared of us all. Referring to a yellow pageful of notes, he came up rapidly with a built-in game to occupy the kiddies on a long ride, a fifth wheel for sharp turns, a one-shot grease pedal and disposable ash trays. The Lever man also suggested that signs be installed along those interminable throughways to keep drivers awake and entertained. "Game billboards!" exclaimed Mr. Pleuthner. "Sponsored, of course!"

The hard-headed Ethyl man swung into action. "Puzzle billboards—with the answers waiting at your next friendly service station." But the Standard Oil lady, fearful that the driver's eyes might be enticed off the road, suggested that the puzzles pass smack across the windshield, like the music on a pianola.

THIS lady was soon unmasked as a chronic hitch-hiker —a person who tags onto someone else's brainstorm. There's nothing wrong with this practice at all, mind you; indeed, Vice President Pleuthner heartily encouraged hitch-hiking. ("Combination and improvement are sought.")

When the BBD&O copywriter suggested a new seat fabric immune to extreme temperatures, the Standard Oil lady said it should be a deep-pile fabric. When a special dashboard box for loose change was advanced, the lady proposed that the loose change be used to pay tolls. Onto the handy food tray envisioned by a Standard Brands delegate, she screwed a nozzle for easier drinking.

Again and again she audaciously attacked our objective in a positive spirit that drew enthusiastic nods from Mr. Pleuthner . . . quite unlike the BBD&O account executive (the one who had splattered himself with soup) whose judicial judgment kept popping forth in a most inappropriate and possibly (for him) dangerous fashion.

When someone described a non-dentable tank-like front bumper, for instance, the account executive could not repress the observation that pedestrians are still made of flesh and blood. Three times he said, "But . . . " and

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elicited severe looks from Mr. Pleuthner. The fourth time he got the bell plinked on him. (He did redeem himself in part a few minutes later with a car that moves sideways into tight parking spaces, but I fear for his future nonetheless.)

The Shaefer beer employee on our panel, very likely a one-time college fullback, kept all our feet on the ground with his no-nonsense projects. He gave us a mesh net to safeguard the driver from incursions by children or young animals. Also he came out for a heavier chassis, a red flare for the man who runs out of gas on a deserted road at two in the morning, and drivers who know something about car motors.

While illuminated gadgets of the future sprouted all over tomorrow's gigantic dashboard, bouncy Mr. Pleuthner played master of ceremonies—contributing the fruits of his own storm (a collapsible periscope); providing up-to-the-minute information ("As of 12:45 you have brainstormed 76 ideas!"); and making little jokes ("How about a door that ejects drunken husbands?")

WITH the exception of a floppy-hatted lady from Borden's who said not a word despite the yellow walls and pine table, your *New Republic* correspondent contributed least to the proceedings. In part this was because, in violation of dictum and Mr. Pleuthner's arched eyebrows, I was copying down other people's ideas.

However, the lunch demanded some return, and I did voice two long-felt needs: a back-door lock, impervious to the blandishments of children under 10, which will fly open at the touch of an adult pinky; and a device that will bring other people's cars to an immediate and shrieking stop after they have struck yours. Both these social reforms were received kindly, and the Standard Oil lady hitch-hiked onto the latter, with "impact-braking" or something of the sort.

At 1:45, as our storm was blowing over, Mr. Pleuthner announced: "We have had one hour of ideation!" (Mr. Pleuthner has a way of speaking in the exclamatory.) We had ideated, he told us, 112 times. "Now go home and sleep on the problem. If you get any ideas in the next 24 hours, call Marjorie right away." He then handed around forms, which we all dutifully signed, giving over free of charge to Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn every one of our 112 ideas.

MR. PLEUTHNER told me afterward that five percent of the ideas stormed up at a given session are normally usable — though mechanical complications would probably lower today's net gain. In any case, he planned to pass our screened thoughts on to the Chrysler Corporation.

"I wasn't ideating at this session," he said. "Usually I ideate when things slow down, but you did very well." He smiled a wise little smile. "I saw you writing, you know."

At his invitation, we then took an elevator up to Bruce Barton's tenth floor office. (Batten is dead, Durstine is with another agency and Osborn is in Buffalo.) Mr. Pleuthner particularly wanted me to see the wall-covering picture behind Mr. Barton's desk—the boardwalk at Coney Island crowded with Sunday strollers.

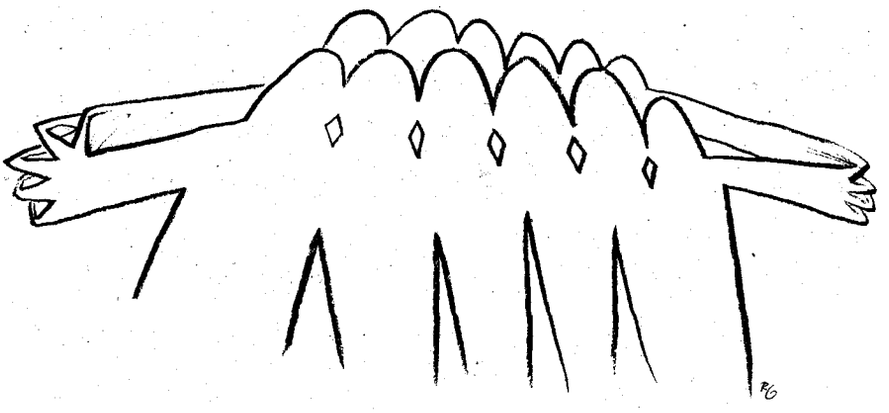
"Those are The People!" he explained. "The People are the ones you have to reach if you're going to accomplish anything! If The People don't understand you, it's just no use!"

While waiting for the Madison Avenue bus, I read over Chapter XXVI of Mr. Osborn's book, *Applied Imagination*. It ends with this paragraph:

> The possible applications of group brainstorming are almost limitless, even in public affairs. For example, the United States ambassador to Brazil might well organize a brainstorm group of five Brazilians and five Americans to meet with him once a month to produce ideas as to how Brazil and the United States could be made to feel more and more friendly to each other. There are hundreds of similar opportunities for concentrated creative thinking on our international front. We need new ideas to win wars. We need even more and better new ideas to win peace.

"What are those people in Washington and Moscow *waiting* for?" I mumbled.

"C'mon, buddy, 15 cents," growled the bus driver, and an old lady thrust an umbrella into my spine.



WALTER GOODMAN'S *observations on the American scene appear frequently in these pages, his roving eye having last lit upon the New York Auto Show ("Pas pour moi le club de mer") which he described in the January 30* NR.

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In the tough Teamsters Union, the Vice President fights roughest of all

Hoffa Is in a Hurry

by NORMAN C. DE WEAVER

MERGER has not changed the manners of labor's Teamsters Union and such roughhouse Teamster leaders as James R. Hoffa of Detroit, a man who just won't slow down to a gallop.

Most top AFL-CIO leaders are committed to a gentlemen's agreement not to disagree, not to disrupt labor's common front in an election year. They are postponing the many intramural showdowns which have been developing since the December merger convention. Hoffa, a Teamsters vice president with a well-advertised ambition to replace president Dave Beck, is making it clear that he will not be tied down.

Two bold Hoffa power plays are worrying AFL-CIO leaders as they gather in Miami for their present Executive Council sessions. The first is Hoffa's jurisdictional challenge to Walter Reuther in the Detroit Packard plant, which has already led to the appointment of a special inquiry committee. But even more important is Hoffa's latest move against Beck, his entry into the battle for control of New York Teamsters Joint Council 16.

The New York Teamsters fight has been closely watched by the labor world for its outcome may show whose star is rising and whose is falling—Hoffa's or Beck's. A succession of local factional victories could give a fast lift to Hoffa. It is not inconceivable that, if he captures this power base in New York, Hoffa might press on and edge Beck out for the Teamsters presidency by the next Teamsters election in 1958.

The rivalry for Joint Council 16, which embraces 63 Teamsters locals in the New York metropolitan area, matches these contenders in the Council presidential elections: On one side, the aged and ailing incumbent, Martin Lacey; confronting him, John J. O'Rourke, neither young nor in good health himself. Lacey alone has been vigorous enough to take the offensive, but the mere presence of O'Rourke in the election has made the competition an equal one.

Lacey may be no symbol of puritanical honesty in a *milieu* where honesty in the trade-union movement is a purely relative business anyway. But he stands head and shoulders over O'Rourke in any comparison between the two.

Long an immovable fixture in the Joint Council presidency, O'Rourke resigned years ago when his advancing senility led even close supporters to pat him on the head and suggest he take a rest. The pretext for his resignation was ill health, but it was a plain case of failing faculties and incompetence as a parliamentarian.

A rough and tumble figure, O'Rourke has had a career spiced on occasion with violence. Once, in the company of a longshoremen's leader during the 30's, he walked out of a hotel into a hail of bullets. He suffered a shoulder wound. He has appeared as a character witness for a suspect in the gangland slaying of Norman Redwood, a sandhog union leader.

O'ROURKE's power base has been Local 282, having jurisdiction over the trucking end of the construction industry in New York City proper, plus the two suburban counties on the end of Long Island. The 8,000 members under O'Rourke's rule in the local have been heard to complain from time to time about the conduct of affairs. There is, for instance, the case of one member of the local's negotiating committee who was prominent among the rebels in the local (rebel being a labor movement euphemism for any leader of the not-so-loyal opposition). When time for bargaining with the bosses came around, this committeeman ventured to disagree with certain O'Rourke policies. Then one day on a street in Queens two young thugs accosted him. The net result was 15 stitches on his face. *Pro forma* in these cases, the assailants remain at large to the present day.

O'Rourke can number among his friends the mobsters on New York's West Side who are having their own troubles these days running the affairs of that outcast of the labor movement, the International Longshoremen's Association. Another member of O'Rourke's private

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circle: John Dioguardi, better known as Johnny Dio. It is little more than axiomatic to put the words "convicted extortionist" after Dio's name. But O'Rourke's most powerful patron is not to be found among any of these. His real mentor in the contest with Lacey is Hoffa, whose rise to fame makes O'Rourke's story seem puny.

Now undisputed Teamsters boss in 23 states as head of the Union's Central States Conference, Hoffa obtained his first Teamsters charter in Detroit at the age of 17. Then he fought his way to control of the Detroit Joint Council and the Michigan State Conference of Teamsters.

With his Detroit power absolute, Hoffa looked for a national opening. He found it in 1952, in the election of a new Teamster president to succeed Daniel Tobin. Hoffa threw his influence behind Dave Beck, who soon reciprocated by helping to set Hoffa up as the head of the Central Conference of Teamsters. The Central Conference was modeled on the Western Conference which Beck himself has used as a highly successful organizing device. Hoffa spread his power rapidly. In the Midwest his influence was such that when a Congressional committee began poking into vending machine rackets, evidence mounted that the rackets could thrive only through Hoffa's benevolent influence.

When local racketeering becomes so blatant that the national union places a trustee over a local's affairs, Hoffa usually becomes that trustee himself or puts a trusted friend in charge. Then he has been known to turn operation of the local back into the hands of the same men it was taken from in the first place.

Hoffa's circle includes O'Rourke's friend Johnny Dio and the leaders of the ILA. Bert Brennan, owner of a string of trotting horses and part of a race track, is Hoffa's chief Detroit aide. In Chicago, his ally is Paul Dorfman, who heads a small waste paper local of the Teamsters which he took over after a predecessor was

The Man Who Can "Stop Every Wheel in Detroit"

JAMES RIDDLE HOFFA gives a first impression of a collection of tightly-wound springs ready to let fly in any number of directions. The impression is not a false one. The springs that control Jimmy Hoffa reach from the East Coast to the far Midwest, to the Gulf of Mexico and into Canada. When they retract, they are liable to bring in anything from New York longshoremen to Montgomery Ward.

This short, stocky man with dark, close-cropped hair, has the prized combination of muscle, jungle cunning, a politician's brain and a definite idea of where he wants to go. The goal seems to be Dave Beck's plush office in the Teamsters' Washington headquarters.

That Hoffa can see his star drifting higher and higher is without doubt. He would have to be blind not to see it. For example, at a recent testimonial dinner in New York for Dave Beck, Hoffa received a bigger hand from the $25-a-platers than did Beck. During the evening, Hoffa was seen holding court much like an Oriental potentate as the favor-seekers and others who just wanted to shake the hand of the future boss waited their turn to approach him. One reliable witness reports that he actually saw Hoffa walk into a gathering and shrug off his coat without looking back. It was grabbed before it hit the floor.

It is doubtful that Hoffa will have to use his big fists in his coming battle with Beck, but he has used them in the past and the memory lingers.

Hoffa is not a true trade-unionist. He is a Teamster. There is a difference. The ideal Teamster leader is first a businessman, second a unionist. He is also impatient with democratic processes. Hoffa is said to have a secret admiration for the accomplishments of Walter Reuther, burdened as the latter is with such time-wasting things as executive board decisions and the need for membership approval. And Reuther may at times look with a little longing at Hoffa's ability to dispense with the niceties of democratic unionism.

Except for his appearance, which suggests a little of the strong-arm approach, Hoffa does not fit the layman's usual picture of a fat-cat labor leader. He is not a high-liver and he neither smokes nor drinks. He has a modest home in northwest Detroit, and except for expensive clothing and an acceptance of the Teamster's penchant for black Cadillacs (which his union buys), Hoffa doesn't show the wealth he must be amassing from his many union jobs and his "outside" business activities. Vacation time, however, may find him on the beach in Jamaica. When he gets to be president of the Teamsters, however, Hoffa can always acquire a larger estate, just so the union can carry on its fine old tradition of buying the boss's home from him.

Hoffa gets rather testy when some one mentions that his outside interests—in matters which just *may* be affected by Teamsters activities—is incompatible with good trade union principles. He notes, with some logic, that his union job may not last forever, and that he has to look out for himself and his family. This implies he recognizes the outside chance that someone tougher than he is may drop into the union hall at some future date.

Beck doesn't miss the signs of Hoffa's rise. One sure way to drive him toward apoplexy is for a reporter to ask him when he plans to step out in favor of Hoffa.

Around Detroit, Hoffa doesn't enjoy the best of public relations. He is fond of saying that he can "stop every wheel in Detroit" and he can. Trucking officials who deal with him will say that once they sign up with him, the deal stands, because Jimmy Hoffa "always keeps his word." From the size of the packages Hoffa squeezes from the companies, he can well afford to do so.

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nurdered. Dorfman started his son up in the insurance ousiness underwriting union welfare funds and collecting in insurance premium as high as $1 million per year—a tidy sum for a small local.

Hoffa's personal possessions, a substantial part in his wife's name, have included ownership in a trucking concern and segments of the brewery and race-track industries.

Newly obsessed with the merits of good public relations, Hoffa now has to his credit a major Chamber of Commerce speech in Michigan. Detroit newspapers report that a $100-a-plate testimonial dinner has been planned in his honor, with national celebrities in the trucking and entertainment worlds to be on hand.

Hoffa makes a commanding figure for O'Rourke's emulation, and it appears natural for co-operation to have developed between the two. Their good fellowship has been apparent in the New York area since mid-1955 in overtures by Hoffa to the ILA. Acting as Hoffa's lieutenant, O'Rourke has bargained with ILA leaders on the New York waterfront, hoping at first that the ILA might be taken back into the AFL. When this met with supreme disfavor in top AFL councils, the next step was to try for ILA absorption in the Teamsters. But a clause in the AFL constitution prohibits mergers with ousted internationals, and the AFL's Executive Council remained adamant. O'Rourke finally succeeded, however, in negotiating an ILA-Teamsters friendship pact.

While all the details of the arrangement are not known yet, in substance the agreement seems to promise mutual co-operation in organizing among longshore and allied teamster workers. Hoffa has offered a $500,000 loan to the ILA, badly in debt after its costly defense campaign against the AFL hierarchy's attack on its existence in the longshore election of 1954.

Now Hoffa is making his major bid for New York labor power in the Joint Council election. He has fully supported O'Rourke's candidacy.

Parenthetically, it might be noted that a band of ILA retainers was on hand to welcome O'Rourke's nomination at a Joint Council meeting last month.

HOFFA is gunning not so much at incumbent Council President Lacey as at a national Teamsters vice president, Thomas Hickey, whose home base is Local 807 in New York. Hickey, viewed as an honest unionist, is the major stumbling block to both Hoffa's and O'Rourke's power grab. It was Hickey who outmaneuvered them in their effort to exploit the 1954 trucking strike for personal intra-union ends. It was Hickey who fought for the AFL in the longshore election, while O'Rourke was addressing ILA meetings and encouraging its endeavors. Even now it is Hickey who stands behind Lacey in the Joint Council race. If Hickey were to go, it would mean not only the end of an honest official among New York's Teamster officials. It could also mean that Hoffa's control over the International would be almost absolute—with Beck becoming more and more a figurehead.

Beck and Hoffa

O'Rourke and Hoffa enjoyed a brief last-minute boon when someone in the international issued seven charters to groups in the jurisdiction of the Joint Council. That someone still remains to be identified. It is alleged that the new locals were in the protective custody of none other than Johnny Dio, with their votes certain to go to O'Rourke. In any event, investigation showed that the locals were old locals of the AFL United Auto Workers, a Dio stronghold. Teamster signs were nailed over the old UAW-AFL banners on the doors where the offices were supposed to be located. Supposed is the correct word, since the offices as such were in some cases nonexistent.

Lacey suspended the locals in a ruling from the chair at the last Joint Council meeting. Since then Beck has shown his first open sign of interest in the election by proposing to name a special inquiry board.

Whatever the outcome in New York, Hoffa's activities in his Detroit home territory will command increasing attention. His apparent decision to test his entrenched power there against a mighty opponent whose home base is also in Detroit, Walter P. Reuther, has surprised even veteran observers of his career. The immediate issue in the Hoffa-Reuther jurisdictional struggle at the Packard plant might not by itself shake the whole AFL-CIO to its foundations; for the moment at least, the issue here is simply whether the regular auto worker force, or specially hired construction workers, should handle change-over from auto to jet aircraft production. But this is a challenge aimed unmistakably at Reuther himself. Hoffa means to show that he is no middleweight, and that when he takes on the heavyweights, he does not fight by the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

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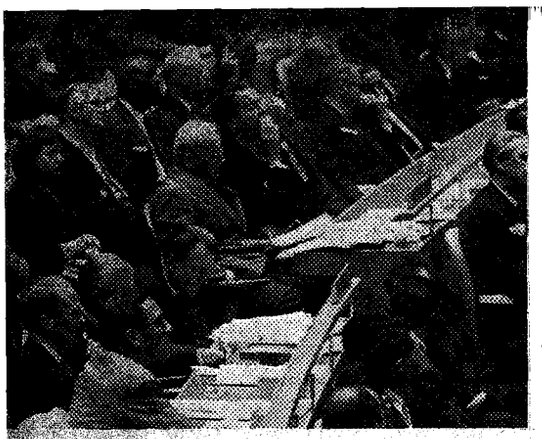

The Good Neighbor "Bloc" Breaks Apart in the UN

by DANIEL FRIEDENBERG

US Votes for Colonialism

THREE important colonial issues debated at the last United Nations session put US policy to the test. They were, in order of presentation, Cyprus, Algeria and West New Guinea. Involved in each case was the petition of a subjugated people striving for freedom from Western European power. A wide range of the globe is represented by these three trouble spots: the Mediterranean basin of Europe, North Africa and Southeast Asia; here live the largest body of submerged peoples still under the rule of long-standing colonial powers. In religion and race—Byzantine Christian, Moslem and pagan; white, Negro and yellow—they symbolize the variety of groups overrun by northern white peoples in their enormous expansion following the Renaissance.

The position of the US in each case was clear. In accordance with the view that our Western European allies must be buttressed at all costs, the US delegation voted against all attempts to weaken the colonial powers. We vigorously endorsed the majority Steering Committee decision to exclude the Cyprus question from the Assembly agenda; that is to say, we refused to support the Greek plea that Cyprus was a traditional part of Greece, with an overwhelmingly Hellenic population desirous of Greek rather than English hegemony. The US also supported the *minority* Steering Committee vote to bar the Algerian question, accepting the French view that Algeria was an integral part of France and hence not liable to review by any United Nations body. In the case of West New Guinea, the United States, although actually supporting the attempt by the Netherlands to beat off the threat to her last shreds of empire, abstained on the final count.

The vote on these issues may be considered, in the long historic sense, the most important fact of this session of the UN. American deference to the colonial powers, at first only indifferently maintained after World War II and then slowly rising in tide during the last four years, has now reached full expression. Our country, which forced the Netherlands to negotiate with the nascent Indonesian Republic by pressure through the United Nations Security Council less than nine years ago, has now completely turned face.

Torn between a concern for the hopes of oppressed peoples everywhere and the knowledge that many former colonial territories turn either Communist or neutral in the Cold War between the Soviet Union and our country we have become a nation split between our ideals and our immediate material interest. It may be useful, therefore, as a guide to future action, to see how our support of the Western European colonial powers appears to others. Europe generally supports the cause of colonialism out of self-interest. The Soviet regime favors anything that weakens the security of non-Communist Europe. Asia, with very few exceptions, flies the flag of colonial freedom. Those parts of Africa now independent look to Asia for intellectual guidance. It is only Latin America, still uncommitted in a strict doctrinal sense, that can give us a true mirror of what American policy looks like to the relatively unbiased outsider.

Our Friends Beg to Differ

LATIN AMERICA is a large region extending from the Texas border to the frigid steppes of Patagonia and including the island peaks of the great submerged mountain range of the Caribbean; it is many times the size either of the United States or all Europe put together. The delegates of these countries, even in the enlarged United Nations Assembly body, constitute the balance of power in the world organization. The present Latin American population of some 160 million people, divided into 20 nations and less than a handful of European satrapies, has the highest birth rate in the entire world, one which will overtake the American population within 25 years.

It is an area rapidly going through a series of convulsive political revolutions. The old Spanish legacy of statism, with its dead hand of tradition and bureaucracy has begun to dissolve under the impact of new ideas. Rejecting the sterile Hapsburg mentality as stamped by Philip II and his successors, the Latin Americans still, however, hold with tenacity to the most attractive side

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of Spanish spirit: its contempt for mere material success, its pride and refusal to compromise on matters of deep belief. Yet much of it remains politically immature.

The 20 states of Latin America have governments extending from the far Right to the far Left, with internal evolutions constantly changing the picture from day to day. However, certain basic political forms can be discerned. A small minority of the countries, namely Costa Rica, Mexico and Uruguay, are popular democracies similar to the United States. A single state, Bolivia, is in the hands of a leftist element with much popular support. Three countries, Brazil, Chile and Ecuador, though democratic in structure, are governed by former dictators or their lieutenants who subsequently ran for supreme office. Another three, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador, have rightist governments run by dictators with some popular support. The remaining countries, excluding those which must be disqualified in any analysis because of very recent revolutions or similar reasons, are military dictatorships of a gross type with almost no popular support. What position did these various states take in response to declared American policy on the three vital colonial issues of Cyprus, Algeria and West New Guinea?

The following chart shows a breakdown of the vote:

	To support Steering Comm. vote to exclude Cyprus Question	*To bar the Algerian Question*	*To put New New Guinea on Agenda*
United States Position	Yes	Yes	Abstained (would prefer No to Yes)
Popular democracies			
Costa Rica	No	No	Yes
Mexico	No	No	Yes
Uruguay	No	No	Yes
Leftist governments with popular support			
Bolivia	No	No	Yes
Democracies, recently dictatorships			
Brazil	Yes	Yes	Abstained
Chile	Yes	Yes	Abstained
Ecuador	No	Yes	Yes
Rightist governments with some popular support			
Guatemala	No	No	Yes
Honduras	Yes	Yes	No
El Salvador	No	Abstained	Yes
Military dictatorships with little popular support			
Colombia	Yes	Yes	No
Cuba	Yes	Yes	No
Dominican Republic	Abstained	Yes	No
Venezuela	Yes	Yes	Abstained
Nicaragua	Yes	Yes	No
Peru	Yes	Yes	Abstained
Paraguay	Yes	Yes	No
Disqualified			
Argentina: a period of government collapse; vote not symptomatic.			
Haiti: a French-speaking republic, with no roots in Spanish tradition.			
Panama: an Americanized principality.			

The most superficial analysis reveals an amazing fact. Almost without exception, *the more dictatorial and unpopular a Latin American state, the surer it is to support American foreign policy.* Conversely, the more advanced and enlightened a Latin American state, the more certain it is to oppose United States policy.

The three stable democracies, Costa Rica, Mexico and Uruguay—countries who already have "had their revolution" as the saying goes in the Latin lands—diametrically opposed our nation's support of the European colonial powers. The one leftist country, Bolivia—socialistic and not pro-Russian in ideology—likewise opposed America. Brazil, whose pro-American dictator Vargas committed suicide recently, was the only country in all Latin America of a decidedly centrist political nature which supported the United States' position; and it may be added parenthetically that since the conservatives have just been defeated in the recent election, a new attitude may be augured there. Chile and Ecuador, where former dictators now govern with great difficulty after putting their fate in the hands of the popular electorate, went along with America after some equivocation. The three rightist governments of Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador, led by dictators with some popular support, split their vote; Guatemala, where a decade of liberal administration was twisted into a Communist experiment, still maintained its opposition to colonial suppression under the leadership of Castillo Armas, an early liberal who refused to go along with the Red orientation of Arbenz; the other two states took contrasting sides of the issue.

THE key to the situation, however, is seen in the vote of the states dominated by military dictatorships. *Without exception,* all the little Caesars, the vast majority of whom had risen to power by the most brutal murder and suppression, endorsed United States policy. Whether Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, Pérez Jimenez of Venezuela or Somoza of Nicaragua—all men whom the *New York Times,* hardly an organ for left-wing opinion, has editorially called promoters of "rigid dictatorships"—these men, in contrast to the few and far-between democracies of Latin America, laud and publicly acclaim the United States position on the burning colonial issue.

We are known by our friends; and the fact is that the US today is viewed as the principal defender of colonial suppression by the one large area in the world still uncontaminated by the Communist virus. Such a conclusion can hardly be received with enthusiasm by those who still hold the opinion that America's greatness and influence arise from our identification with liberty and opportunity for the less-privileged. If the mirror of Latin America is the mirror of the world, the US has gone a long way down a bitter road in a very short time.

DANIEL FRIEDENBERG *is a student of world affairs whose last article in this journal was on the fall of Peron.*

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The Superficial Aspect

The Burden of Decision

Sir Anthony Eden has come and gone and nothing untoward happened. True, nothing particularly encouraging happened, either, and some Americans are disgruntled. They are unreasonable. They should be drawing sighs of relief, in view of the recent course of events in Washington, such as Mr. Wilson's explanation of things in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Mr. Dulles', of things in *Life* and Mr. Benson's, of things in *Harpers.* The explanation of things that the President and the Prime Minister discussed was, indeed, little more than a murmur of sweet nothings, but better that than something sounding like a cookstove falling down the stairs, such as Mr. Dulles' explanation of his talks with the Portuguese foreign minister.

It was not that there was the least question of any animus against Sir Anthony himself. It is unimaginable that anyone cherished the faintest desire to shy a teacup at his head, or to affront him in any way. The danger was never that anyone would be guilty of intentional rudeness, but merely that the fabulous ineptitude of this Administration might precipitate an incident inadvertently. In view of the record, an uneasy public half expected some Cabinet member to stumble over his own feet and crash headlong down the steps, dragging furniture, bric-a-brac and possibly the distinguished visitor with him. It didn't happen, and for that we may give thanks.

For the rest, the rank outsider cannot see that anything at all was accomplished. The world was informed that we stand for freedom and are opposed to "aggressive" war; furthermore, it was solemnly reiterated that we and the British are positively not going to fight each other. This sounds rather like Mrs. M's tearful assertion, "I will never desert Mr. Micawber!" Who suggested that we should fight the British, or they us? Surely, this cannot be another instance in which Mr. Dulles led us to "the brink of war" but then halted.

Perhaps it is reassuring to learn that no new War of 1812 is contemplated, but most of us would be much more interested in learning what we are going to do about Indo-China, about the Middle East, and about those Chinese coastal islands. The British are urging settlement b negotiation of all those questions; but Mr. Dulles' polic seems to be neither to shoot nor to give up the gun. Th Eden visit made no change, as far as the public knows in the determination of either nation to pursue its ow policy. It looks like an impasse.

But if Western diplomacy stalls at this critical moment with Russia moving in on Egypt and the Arab states, an with China moving in on Indonesia, the results do no bear thinking of. Inevitably the question arises, to wha extent is Sir Anthony Eden's failure to get anywhere at tributable to the President's partial incapacity? It woul require some arduous labor to effect any important chang in American foreign policy, and the President has bee ordered by his doctors to take it easy. To make a serious determined effort to settle the complicated problems o the Near and Far East would certainly not be taking i easy.

The situation is all too reminiscent of the days when the fight over the League of Nations was raging and on one side the only man who could make an authoritative decision was too sick to play an active part. Perhaps Mr. Dulles is to some extent in the unenviable position of Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Woodrow Wilson's leader in the Senate. Hitchcock, too, was prevented by the doctors from throwing the full burden of decision on his chief, yet he felt that his own authority was too limited to permit him to make any radical decision on his own judgment. The outcome was an impasse that resulted in the destruction of the treaty and the ham-stringing of the League.

It is only too clear that the foreign policies of the United States and Great Britain are drifting apart, yet Dulles seems to feel that his only recourse is to ride down the British and compel them to fall in line with us. To do anything else would require an extremely important decision on the highest level; yet to compel President Eisenhower at this time to assume the very heavy burden of making such a decision would be to set at defiance all medical advice. If Mr. Dulles declines to shoulder that responsibility his reluctance is understandable.

Yet Hitchcock's course was perfectly understandable, too, and it led to disaster. It is true enough that Mr. Wilson's physical condition was considerably worse than Mr. Eisenhower's, but even a partial incapacity of the President at a critical moment is serious in the extreme, for in critical moments a man in robust health incurs some risk of breaking under the strain. Once again the American people are demonstrating one of their serious weaknesses, a disposition to dodge facing the facts when the brutal facts shatter our sentimental preference to believe in things, not as they are, but as we would wish them to be.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Learning from the Great Books

by Arthur Bestor

THE educational philosophy of Robert Maynard Hutchins, maintained consistently throughout a distinguished career, is restated with undiminished militancy in his latest book. Underlying the Great Books program are three propositions about education (three Great Propositions, one is tempted to write). First of all (to quote his newest phrasing), liberal education is concerned with "the excellence of man as man and man as citizen," not "with the means of life, with earning a living." Second, "education is supposed to have something to do with intelligence"; it aims "to clarify the basic problems" and to provide an intellectual "grasp of the methods by which solutions can be reached." Finally, if, in an era of aristocracy, liberal education "was the right education for those who had leisure and political power, then it is the right education for *everybody* today."

Great Books, the Foundation of a Liberal Education, by Robert M. Hutchins (Simon and Schuster; $3).

Each of these propositions controverts some doctrine cherished by contemporary educationists. Moreover, each is a direct challenge to some tendency that is unmistakably present in American life. Vocationally minded teachers, whom Dr. Hutchins defies with his first proposition, can appeal for justification to a larger cult of the "practical" in America. And so with the others. Now, if the doctrines that Dr. Hutchins contradicts are themselves the reflection of trends in contemporary life, does this not prove that the educationists are on the right track and he on the wrong?

The answer depends on one's conception of the professional duty of the educator. Some assimilate the educator to the politician (in a not necessarily derogatory sense of that word). The educator's function, they argue, is to adjust sensitively to the pressures within society, thus allowing the nature and purpose of the school to be determined by the resultant of contemporary forces. Dr. Hutchins, on the other hand, assimilates education to such a profession as law or medicine, and insists that its ultimate aim and character must be arrived at by rational and philosophic processes. He writes that

> . . . educators ought to know better than their pupils what an education is. If educators do not, they have wasted lives. . . . The task of educators is to discover what an education is and then to invent the methods of interesting their students in it.

This is an unpopular doctrine, hence it is called an undemocratic one. To my mind it is nothing of the sort, unless the Bill of Rights (which Dr. Hutchins has also staunchly defended) is undemocratic also, for refusing to allow men's right to freedom to depend on public opinion, and for insisting instead on the ultimate sovereignty of due process.

THE neglect of great books in contemporary education is certainly as menacing as Dr. Hutchins paints it when he says: "To put an end to the spirit of inquiry that has characterized the West, it is not necessary to burn the books. All we have to do is to leave them unread for a few generations." Bad as may be the substitution of the *Reader's Digest* for Shakespeare in many high-school classrooms, or the shredding of English literature for college anthologies, this is not the most serious problem, as Dr. Hutchins recognizes. More deplorable is the disappearance from courses in other subjects than English literature of any sustained attention to the great classics of the various disciplines. The book which, because it is great, can provide a text for fruitful analysis and prolonged discussion has been replaced by the textbook, which, being a compendium rather than a product of thought, can neither bear analysis nor stimulate discussion. To make great books, in all the diverse fields of learning, again a living part of liberal education is one of Dr. Hutchins' most commendable aims.

But the unfortunate fact is that many great achievements of the human mind —achievements that must be understood if men are to have (in Hutchins' phrase) "a grasp of the methods by which solutions can be reached"—have not eventuated in anything that can be called a great book. In science, it is true, there are monuments like Newton's *Principia,* but in the main each great intellectual achievement is recorded, not in a work of vast sweep, but in a succession of papers undistinguished in form and each notable for but a single contribution to the ultimate theory. History has produced its masterpieces, but the art of many of them is to conceal art, that is, to tell the story without explaining how the story has come to be known. To understand history as a process of inquiry, the student must at some time immerse himself in a mass of sources, many verging on the illiterate, and must painfully trace out the argument of monographs that have little in common with Thucydides or Gibbon.

The tone and spirit of Dr. Hutchins' volume is not quite the tone and spirit of the books whose cause he pleads. He is didactic to the point of becoming inhumane. After a few pages of so austere an argument even the most sympathetic reader is apt to exclaim (in a voice from one of the Great Books), "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

BY reading the great books one can learn, as Dr. Hutchins says, "what is meant by soul, state, God, beauty." One can also, by opening Rabelais to the proper page, find definitions and synonyms of a good many equally human but more earthy things. The Great Conversation takes place not only between spirits like Plato and Locke, but also between Hotspur, who would "pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon," and Falstaff, who is aware that honor belongs only to him "that died o'Wednesday." After all, when man reaches out into the unknown he may grasp, with Newton, the very planets in their courses. But he may also, with Laurence Sterne, find that he has "caught hold of the *fille de chambre's* — ."

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"Go Back in your Mind"

by D. F. Malcolm

MOREY BERNSTEIN is a bank director, co-owner of an equipment business, president of a corporation, partner in an investing company, and part-time hypnotist of Pueblo, Colorado. He knows a young housewife out there, named Mrs. Ruth Simmons, who is a reincarnation of an Irish girl of the early nineteenth century.

The Search for Bridey Murphy, by Morey Bernstein (Doubleday; $3.95).

There are some people who might find this hard to believe.

Well, author Bernstein believes it—and he seems to be a pretty hard man to fool. Why, he didn't even believe that *hypnosis* was possible the first time he saw it, and insisted on sticking pins into Mrs. Simmons to test her sincerity. But once converted, he was quick to see the possibilities in the thing:

> If suggestion is so powerful in this state [he means hypnosis, not Colorado], then is this not a powerful weapon for good? . . . And what about practical applications in the fields of education, law, business, dramatics, advertising . . . ?

To discover the answers to these questions, Mr. Bernstein himself became a hypnotist and devoted whatever time he could spare from selling machinery to this useful new hobby. By means of it, he cured a young man of stuttering, made short work of a case of hysterical paralysis, treated a number of "disturbed cases, including some concerned with migraine, insomnia, excessive smoking and bad habits," and tore around generally in the psyches of the local gentry in a way that gives me, for one, the cold cobbles. Eventually, his extracurricular activities led him to experiments in hypnotic age regression and these, in turn, led him to his history-making sessions with Mrs. Simmons.

Age regression under hypnosis is familiar to psychiatrists, though seldom used by them, but I might as well outline it for the general reader, who may wish to try it on his friends at cocktail parties. What it amounts to is simply this: a subject, acting on hypnotic suggestion, can be made to relive or recall events of his past. Thus the hypnotist can cause him to regress to the age of five years, or to six months, or even less. But where you and I would call this process to a halt, feeling that we had reached a point beyond which further inquiry would be fruitless, not to say indelicate, Mr. Bernstein boldly plunged back through the prenatal days and back, back, back down the corridor of years. By the time he paused to see where he had got to, it was 1806 and Mrs. Simmons was speaking in a lush brogue.

THE brogue itself may be a compelling argument for the author's theory of reincarnation (there are records of the session for sale, but I haven't heard them); however I can't say that the actual contents are any too convincing. When Mrs. Simmons-Murphy is asked to say a few typically Irish words, she comes out with, "Oh, there's a colleen 'n' a . . . oh . . . I try to think of the word for ghost . . . ." Asked to mention a few Irish customs, Bridey offers an authoritative, eye-witness declaration to the effect that the sons of Eire habitually dance at weddings, and that a wake precedes interment in the Old Sod. Prodded for further description of Ireland, Bridey replies, "It's beautiful."

Now a subject under hypnosis will cheerfully eat a large Bermuda onion if told it is a peach, and it seems likely that Mrs. Simmons, told to envision another time and place, would do just that. She obliges the tape recorder with an account of her funeral and her subsequent existence with other spirits in what she describes as "a place of waiting," where one felt no grief, no hate, and no pain; where there was no night or day; and where one wore no clothes. Except for this last specification, it sounds very much like the last act of *Our Town*—which only goes to show, I suppose, how the insight of the artist precedes the findings of the man of science in these matters: as Dostoevsky anticipated Freud, so Thornton Wilder anticipates Morey Bernstein.

Having settled to his own satisfaction the question of life after death, Mr Bernstein has a go at those who hold contrary views. He confides that in his youth he was quite a cynical little guy himself and thought that "life had no meaning." In his public speaking class at college he recited the well-known poem of Solomon Grundy as an example of the life of Everyman, and now he recalls with sorrow that even a professor of public speaking, "a man with several degrees," could give tacit approval to this way of thinking. He also remembers finding support for his "cynical, iconoclastic views" in the writings of "no less a master than"—who do you suppose? Well, you would never guess it in a hundred years, even in your next existence, so I will tell you . . . *Somerset Maugham!*

But that was before Bridey Murphy came into his life. Today, the one-time iconoclast of public speaking class, chastened by his experience, believes "the proof that there is something extraphysical, or spiritual, in human personality has momentous implications." He looks forward to a finer, more spiritual epoch when clairvoyance will be used to ferret out "plans for warfare, secret weapons, criminal schemes, impending epidemics of disease," and other such menaces. He also expresses a lively interest in the future of telepathy, extrasensory perception and, in fact, almost every quality of the mind but intelligence.

AT THIS point, I can hear the reader saying (I have a modest knack for clairvoyance, myself), "Yes, but what do *you* think of this Bridey Murphy story?"

Oh, I believe it.

Most especially, I have no doubts whatever in regard to Mr. Bernstein's talents as a hypnotist. As I was toiling through the interminable and repetitious transcripts of Bridey's conversations, I found my own eyelids growing irresistably heavier and heavier. Furthermore, as I slipped off into unconsciousness, I seemed to sense the influence of some remote precursor stealing over my mind, as if I too had once lived another life. When I awoke with a start some hours later, the book was nowhere to be seen, but a few suspicious fragments, still smoldering in the fireplace, lead me to conclude that in at least one of my former existences, I must have been a confirmed skeptic in such matters.

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The Beautiful Failure

by Elliott Coleman

T used to be thought that for the fifteen most vigorous years of his life Marcel Proust was a dilettante. Between the appearance of the brief *Pleasures and Days* in 1896 and his beginning o work on *Remembrance of Things Past* in 1910, Proust had nothing to how except two translations of Ruskin nd a few articles. Within the past four

ean Santeuil, by Marcel Proust, translated by Gerard Hopkins, preface by André Maurois (Simon and Schuster; $5.95).

ears the picture has changed. Two lost ooks have been found and published, ne the novel *Jean Santeuil*, and the ther a work of literary criticism entitled *Against Sainte-Beuve*. The critical vork was published in Paris last year nd is now being translated into English. ts appearance is important not only beause it immediately preceded and provided the aesthetic ground for *Remembrance of Things Past*, but because its ritical theories, arrived at before the uthor could undertake his major work, re valuable, and controversial, in their wn right.

Both of these books have been edited y Bernard de Fallois, a student writing thesis on Proust, who through the ervices of André Maurois secured access o the manuscripts and notebooks in the ossession of Madame Gérard Mante-Proust. The portions of *Jean Santeuil* had been written between 1896 and 1904 and had not been corrected; Bernard de Fallois was able to arrange most of them in sequence and publish them in three volumes in 1952. Now, in an admirable translation by Gerard Hopkins, they are published in this country in one volume. It is a delightful book. Proust had said of *Jean Santeuil*:

> Should I call this book a novel? It is something less, perhaps, and yet much more, the very essence of my life, with nothing extraneous added, as it developed through a long period of wretchedness. This book of mine has not been manufactured; it has been garnered.

Whatever we choose to call it, *Jean Santeuil* contains the seed of everything that was to flower in *Remembrance of Things Past*. Jean Santeuil is the chief character of the book. He is an intelligent and sensitive young man who has vague hopes of a literary career and more easily defined desires for social success. He is seen at home with his distinguished bourgeois family, at school with his teachers, in the company of his school friends, in the company of the girls with whom he falls in love, and at the fashionable assemblies to which he is finally invited in Paris. To follow him through French and international society, and the worlds of politics, the military, art and literature is to have a conciser view of Europe in the second half of the 19th Century than the more complicated one presented in the earlier parts of *Remembrance of Things Past*.

On the other hand, the finest passages of *Jean Santeuil* are not less subtle than those in *Remembrance* that come just short of the greatest. But it is the grand conception that is lacking, the overwhelming design, and the final and profound penetration to the centers of mystery. Nevertheless in the earlier novel the scenes in the country and those by the sea have the choice quality of complete poems that stand alone; statements on love, on time, on art, and the many moral reflections have a freshness about them which is of course the freshness of youth, and the wisdom of youth; and the satiric chapters in which snobbery is the spring of action are both more remorseless and often much funnier than the later treatment because of the younger author's greater concern with the temptation.

Yet it is fortunate that Proust suppressed this book. If it had been published in 1905, the greater work might never have been written; even if the reception of such an earlier work would not have been too mixed for the author's sensibilities, when the *Remembrance* followed, it would have been robbed of much of its initial impressiveness for it all too easily might have been called an expanded echo of the first, instead of what it is: an expanding concentration. But how fortunate to have it appear now. Proust suppressed it because he thought it a failure. Had it not been for the further revelations, the further visions, Proust would never have gone on to dedicate his last years to the more fully-equipped and fully-aware search for lost time, for the timeless. It is startling nonetheless that so much of that awareness had already been recorded. True, most readers today will read *Jean Santeuil* because it was written by the famous author of another work and offers an interesting comparison with it, but the earlier book can be enjoyed for itself, and some parts of it never got over into the larger work, while some have their own unique brilliance.

Bernard de Fallois has remarked in his fine introduction to *Against Sainte-Beuve* that "unpublished work of Proust doesn't exist." That is to say, Proust is always Proust, only sometimes more so; always all of one piece. There is about him the great monotony that he ascribed to Dostoevsky. Yet it is interesting to notice in this piece of preparation how the later complex sentence structure more and more demands composition, and how the "I" of a narrator finally comes to be essential to the author of the last work, in which it serves superbly. It is a thin subterfuge that allows the use of the third person in *Jean Santeuil*. Jean, like the later Marcel, is sometimes Proust and sometimes not Proust. Still, there is a kind of charm here in the impersonality of the use of the third person, and at the times when the less

DISSENT-Winter 1956

Have you been following the TV rhubarb in the New Republic?

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mature work makes demands on credulity that are somewhat fantastic, the third person saves the day.

In his enthusiastic preface to the novel, André Maurois reminds us that Proust always demanded that novelist and moralist go hand in hand. Surely it is as a moralist that Proust wrote *Jean Santeuil*. Ironic, solemn, wretched, or simply enjoying life, he does not for a moment cease to be the reflector, the translator of what he perceives, not so much beneath as through the surface, to be the real; and there are moments when his reflections in this book mount to the place of a contemplation that is somehow purified in advance of impurity still to be experienced.

Some readers have had the same experience with Proust that he described as often happening with other authors, and Mr. Hopkins points that out in his translator's note. A book we are going to love later seems only difficult and exhausting at first. We put it back on the shelf. Then one day we take it down again. Perhaps *Jean Santeuil* may serve as a kind of intermediary for some, and so speed the process. Certainly for those who have already come to enjoy the world of Proust, reading it will be an indispensable experience. And a fascination and pleasure for those who face a future out of a past that seems to have failed will lie in the fact of the beautiful "failure" of the book. To fail was to succeed. Almost every page of *Jean Santeuil* vibrates quietly with the sense of everything's being at stake. For such spiritual motion, a lucid vibrancy of translation was needed. It has been provided.

The Rebellious Animal

by Don D. Jackson

THE present volume consists of six essays written at different times during the last three years. They have in common the problem of conformity. They also have in common Dr. Lindner's Midas touch. Since he described his ideas about the psychopathic personality in *Rebel Without a Cause* everything he touches turns to "psychopath." The essays are entitled: "The Mutiny of the Young," "Homosexuality and the Contemporary Scene," "Political Creed and Character," "The Instinct of Rebellion," "Must You Conform," and "Education for Maturity."

Must You Conform?, by Robert Lindner (Rinehart; $3).

Lindner's opinions on the many and serious problems that make up the material for his book are presented as those of a psychoanalyst. Indeed, many statements are made as though they were unquestioningly held by psychoanalysts in general. Since Dr. Lindner is not a member of the American Psychoanalytic Association, and since the label "psychoanalyst" now carries a good deal of prestige, it might have been fitting for him to stress the originality of some of his views. Lindner's essential thesis is expressed most succinctly in the title essay:

> Man is a rebel. He is committed by his biology not to conform, and herein lies the paramount reason for the awful tension he experiences today in relation to society. Unlike other creatures of earth, man cannot submit, cannot surrender his birthright of protest, for rebellion is one of his essential dimensions. He cannot deny it and remain man. In order to live he must rebel. Only total annihilation of humanity as a species can eliminate this in-built necessity.

And again:

> Today in the struggle between man and society and capital over the issue of conformity, society is winning because man, the rebel, does not yet know how to rebel successfully—positively. His protest is expressed in negative forms, in ways which may discharge somewhat the energy of his rebellious instinct but which yield him little profit; indeed in ways which are often actually harmful to himself and to the community. Non-conformity, as it is now conceived, is largely exhibited as psychosis, neurosis, crime, and psychosomatic illness; or it appears as pitifully hopeless vain little defiances of convention and custom, in dress, manner, opinion and taste. All of these ways are negative, unproductive, totally inadequate to meet the situation and face it.

The thesis which follows logically is that present day society is producing ever increasing numbers of psychopaths. A third idea (mentioned mainly in the second essay) is that homosexuals are likewise the result of the man versus society struggle. Unfortunately, the dynamics of the psychopath and of the homosexual are stated in such a similar fashion that Lindner's argument is weakened by the lack of attention to the specificity that must be present in order to account for the different outcomes.

DESPITE my limited acquaintance with sociology, history and political economics, I would hazard that Lindner most leaves himself open to the charge of superficiality and oversimplification in the essay on "Political Creed and Character." Here he suffers from what amounts to an occupational neurosis of psychotherapists. From his very selected and unique clinical material, he extrapolates and portrays the neurotic character of the Communist and the psychopathic nature of the Fascist. There is nary a mention of the multitude of social, economic and political factors that makes any attempt to delineate this problem a task for a roomful of experts from many fields. The ex-Communist in America who finds his way into a consultation room is apt to be as different from as he is like his foreign brethren. This fact has been largely overlooked in the midst of the mounting anti-Communist and anti-anti-Communist hysteria that has become as much a part of breakfast as a bowl of cereal.

Dr. Lindner demonstrated to us in his *Fifty Minute Hour* that he needn't take his hat off to anyone when it comes to a fascinating and even amusing account of the psychotherapeutic process. The present volume of essays is, however, another matter altogether.

NEXT WEEK

These Be Your Gods, O Israel

An essay on the poetry of
William Butler Yeats
Ezra Pound
T. S. Eliot
W. H. Auden
Dylan Thomas

by ROBERT GRAVES

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TELEVISION

THE recent examination of the American farm problem by "the partnership of Murrow and Friendly" on *See It Now* was painful to Secretary of Agriculture Benson, but it was first-rate television. The bulk of the hour-long show was not "live" but on film, and the film had been intelligently edited. There were scenes at a "closing-out" sale in Iowa and sweeping shots of the nation's stored surpluses—in bins and tents and warehouses and Liberty ships—accompanied by a commentary by Mr. Murrow which combined dramatic statistics and dramatic prose; but, for the most part, the films showed farmers engaging in thoughtful discussion of the problems they are up against, of surpluses, subsidies, soil-banks, and administration policies.

There were farmers in Iowa, Wisconsin, Washington; corn-and-hog farmers, dairy farmers, wheat farmers; small farmers and big farmers. They talked to interviewers, they engaged in barnyard debates, and they addressed audiences at public gatherings. The majority were highly articulate and seemingly very well informed. They agreed about practically nothing except that times are tough for farmers. They showed a thorough awareness of the fact that their problem is an extremely complicated one, that it is a problem for all of the nation, and that its ramifications extend not only beyond the rural community but beyond the confines of this country and of this hemisphere.

Mr. Murrow had the Secretary of Agriculture sitting beside him during the showing of the films, and for the last six or eight minutes of the hour Mr. Benson took over—"live"—for a personal comment. I thought he showed up very badly. Granting that there was a farm problem and that he didn't "like" farm prices, the Secretary launched into a violent political tirade. He was incensed because the program had begun with the film of a "closing-out" sale. Stories of farmers going broke were, he suggested, myths circulated by demagogues. (He also had a sneer for "doom and gloom.") Generally speaking, he said, things were pretty rosy for the farmer—with the single exception of falling income. And the falling income did most of its falling under a Democratic administration. And its subsequent fall could be attributed in part to Democratic legislation.

Mr. Benson spoke warmly of the "bold, constructive program" the President has recommended and said that it protects the "family farm." After the program went off the air, he demanded (and has been given) equal time to reply to Mr. Murrow's "distorted" picture. The same thing happened some time ago when Mr. Murrow presented a program about Senator McCarthy. He used film on that one, too.

This latest *See It Now* reminded me once more of the serious loss television suffered when this show was removed from the regular weekly schedule. It has appeared only four times in recent months, and three of those occasions were memorable. The first was a timely examination of the Vice-Presidency, ending with brief comments by three former Vice-Presidents—Truman, Barkley, and Wallace. Later there was a fine show on the shortage of schools and teachers. Focussing on the "small picture," Mr. Murrow made use of a rural community in Colorado where the votes on a school bond issue were being counted. The local people expressed themselves with great vigor on their local problems, which turned out, of course, to be pretty much the same problems—taxation, construction, consolidation, transportation — facing thousands of other communities across the land. There was also an interview with a young architect who designs schools and a look at the system of using assistants in the classroom to help solve the shortage of teachers. Only at the very end, when a Senator and a Congressman were given a chance to open their mouths on the subject of federal aid, did the program go to pieces.

These shows—on the Vice-Presidency, education, and agriculture—make it clear that television is capable of dealing intelligently, and effectively, with current problems. They prove that television's approach to the news need not be as superficial as television news programs would indicate nor as limited and static as the panel interviews would suggest. These other shows are little more than radio programs presented in front of cameras. Murrow and Friendly seldom bring their cameras into the studios. At the same time, they never make any attempt to dumbfound their audience with accounts of the miles of cables and herds of technicians involved in their productions. They seem to take television for granted—a rare and wonderful attitude.

See It Now does not, of course, provide profound analyses. It does, however, provide background for understanding, and, thanks to Mr. Murrow's delivery, it makes understanding seem an essential goal, to be achieved with all possible haste. In my opinion, though not in Secretary Benson's, all of the shows have been eminently fair. They have not been unbiased, but in each case the bias has been rather like the bias in favor of good over evil. *See It Now* has come out solidly for a more careful selection of Vice-Presidents, better education, a healthier farm economy. No one would deny that these are desirable ends; no one would deny that they are of tremendous importance; but just about everyone on television has managed to ignore them completely.

Out of the four recent *See It Nows*, only one was a let down; it was merely an expanded version of Mr. Murrow's regular *Person to Person* show, a collection of interviews—two to the half-hour—with what might as well be called celebrities. At times *Person to Person* is amusing; but all too often the combinations are grotesque—Liberace and Morris Ernst, for example—and in my living room, at least, a great many of the Persons have been most unwelcome guests. Yet *Person to Person* is a regular, sponsored show, and *See It Now* has become an infrequent network handout. It's a depressing situation, even though this year's *See It Now* is double the length of the old, sponsored version and no longer has to "see" when there's nothing worth looking at.

DAVID R. EBBITT

Notes on Contributors

ARTHUR BESTOR is the author of *The Restoration of Learning*. D. F. MALCOLM is a young American critic. ELLIOTT COLEMAN'S most recent book, *The Golden Angel*, is a study of Proust. DON D. JACKSON is a staff psychiatrist at the Palo Alto Medical Clinic. DAVID R. EBBITT has contributed several highly controversial articles on television to this magazine.

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Meet the Press

SIRS:

I think Mr. Ebbitt would find very few among those he calls our "victims" who think that his indignation (*NR*, Jan. 23) is justified. After your piece appeared, I received this letter from Al Edwards, Executive Vice President of Henry Holt, and a friend of Robert Frost:

> I hope you will understand that neither Robert Frost nor I shares the opinion of *The New Republic* concerning his treatment on your program at Christmas time. He would be most sensitive to any feeling of pressure or discomfort but his reaction was one of pleasure at the way he was handled by the panel and he was most appreciative of the opportunity to go before the largest single audience in his experience.

Mr. Ebbitt writes, "Actually, Mr. Stevenson has a good deal to be thankful for. Instead of appearing on *Face the Nation*, he might have accepted the hospitality of NBC's *Meet the Press*." Governor Stevenson did appear on *Meet the Press* in 1952, and after his appearance Jack Arvey, who helped to get the nomination for him, said:

> Were it not for this program, he would never, in my opinion, have been considered as a candidate for the Presidency.

Here is what Senator Morse wrote:

> My participation in the *Meet the Press* program was a very pleasant experience. I have always been impressed by the insight of the interviewers as indicated in their leading questions, as well as by their generous attitude of developing the speaker's position without attempting to distort or color his meaning.

Senator Humphrey wrote:

> Your program has commanded the respect and confidence of both participant and listener. I have always considered it an honor to be a participant.

Norman Thomas wrote:

> On the record *Meet the Press* can easily establish its reputation as one of the most valuable shows dealing with serious issues. As one of your victims—is that the right word?—I can testify to the excellent job you do, with questions direct, to the point, but always within the bounds of fair play.

John Foster Dulles wrote:

> On controversial subjects it is easy to generate heat, but hard to generate light. *Meet the Press* does a job of intellectual illumination. Probing is done by experts who are thorough but not antagonistic.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, former Attorney General of Great Britain, wrote:

> The able and distinguished journalists who cross-examined me were most kind. *Meet the Press* gets down to the roots of any matter under discussion and leaves the miserable politician no chance to get away with platitudes and blah.

I could come close to filling a complete issue of your magazine with testimonials about the program, but I think I have given you sufficient variety from the political spectrum so that you can judge how justified Mr. Ebbitt is in his indignation.

One last thing. Mr. Ebbitt writes: "Practically every Monday now there is at least one idiotic news item gleaned from the outbursts which take place on the Sunday panel shows." What a silly thing for Mr. Ebbitt to say about the newspapers of America! Here are a few of the front-page headlines we have made over the years: "BILBO ADMITS HE'S KLAN MEMBER" (1946); "CHAMBERS ON AIR CALLS HISS RED, DARES SUIT" (1948); "DEWEY BOOMS IKE FOR '52 RACE—HE'S OUT" (1950); "SENATOR GEORGE ASKS WORLD PARLEY" (March 1955); "2ND VICE PRESIDENT URGED BY HOOVER TO EASE BURDEN" (December 1955); "HUMPHREY DOUBTS TAXES CAN BE CUT AS WE STAND NOW" (January 1956); and "SOVIET LEAD SEEN IN MISSILE TESTS" (Symington, February 1956). Were the newspapers idiotic to headline these stories, or was Mr. Ebbitt idiotic to tag them "idiotic" news items?

Mr. Ebbitt, of course, is entitled to his opinion, but it seems to me that a responsible magazine owes it to its readers to see to it that the opinion it publishes is more solidly grounded on knowledge.

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK

New York City

. . . "a valuable public service"

Meet the Press, in the ten years of its existence, has become a valuable medium in keeping the public informed on the issues and personalities of the day. Through the years, a good many stories have been broken on this program, and many of the leading figures in American and international public life have appeared before the *Meet the Press* panels. The panels themselves have been made up consistently of the leading reporters and analysts in the American press.

Mr. Ebbitt's criticism, if you analyze it, is based almost entirely on techniques employed by the panel. These techniques, I might point out, are legitimate means used in all press conferences and are not limited to the television medium. They serve a purpose of cutting through subterfuge and doubletalk and getting to the heart of the matter. In addition, on a medium such as television, these technicalities tend to reveal the true personality of the figure being interviewed, and this is a contribution to better understanding by the public.

Certainly *Meet the Press* and *Face the Nation* are designed to make news. So are any press conferences.

The basic flaw in Mr. Ebbitt's piece is

"You just put good, green, folding money in their lily-white hands and be goddamn sure they know why you put it there."

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that all guests who appear on *Meet the Press* do so voluntarily. They do not have to submit to what Mr. Ebbitt seems to think are inquisitorial techniques unless they want to. Refusal to appear on *Meet the Press* is actually much easier than a refusal to be interviewed by news publications and services, since the latter refusal is then reported in the press as a "no comment" reaction.

All in all, I think Mr. Ebbitt's piece is an intemperate and querulous criticism of two programs which perform a valuable public service in the democratic process.

MICHAEL HORTON
Director of Information
The National Broadcasting Company
New York City

"... better gored than bored"

Unquestionably the TV inquisition, as currently practiced, leaves something to be desired as a means of extracting ideas from the presumably willing and knowledgeable guest. Just what the new, painless method is to be, I don't know.

But regarding Mr. Ebbitt's intimation that it is always his ox which is most bloodied by the TV panels, I would only suggest 'tis better gored than bored.

Further, it is difficult to understand his surprise. I am reasonably certain that Governor Stevenson, Dr. Hutchins and the other guests are aware of the nature of the programs before they accept. If not, then I can appreciate Mr. Ebbitt's solicitude for the blind. Maybe the prospective victims should watch some television, as a prerequisite to becoming participants.

JOHN CHARLES DALY
Vice-President
American Broadcasting Company
New York City

"... the same indignation"

SIRS:

I must thank you for Mr. Ebbitt's television comment in your January 23 issue. He said all the things that were boiling inside me as I listened to the Stevenson interview on *Face the Nation*. I should think most listeners must have felt the same indignation and are accordingly grateful if they find Mr. Ebbitt. The only thing equally shocking was an interview with Mrs. Roosevelt that took place some time ago.

EMILY DAVIES
Norwich, Connecticut

► A Subversive Diphthong

SIRS:

The New York Times, Nov. 12, 1955, printed the following head on page one, column three: "U.S. WOULD PLACE ITS BASES ABRAOD UNDER AIR WATCH."

I am concerned here with the "abraod." After much consideration, I have come to the conclusion that this is not an ordinary, meaningless typo.

If the *Times* had to make a booboo, why wasn't it "abroda," or "arboad," or even "aboard?"

The "ao" diphthong, rare in our language, brings to mind just one thing—the Far East. Not the *old* Far East, often mysterious, sometimes inscrutable, yet dirty, noisy and harmless; the *new* Far East, still dirty and noisy, but full of anti-colonialism, anti-Americanism, Communism. Where do we see a and o together in that order these days? Why, in "Bao," "Mao," "Hao" and "Laos"—four word-fragments full of menace to our way of life.

However, the main reason for my conclusion is that this latest *Times* "error" fits into a pattern I have been watching closely for some time. A couple years ago, for instance, I noticed in a *front-page* resume of the news the term "Untied States." A few months later I saw the phrase "unclear tests in the Pacific." It doesn't take any Freud or Velde to see the way the persons responsible for these errors are thinking.

While nothing like a full-scale investigation is warranted yet, I think all of us, typesetters and nontypesetters alike, should guard increasingly against this insidious defeatism that creeps into all levels of our consciousness.

GEORGE M. SWANSON
Palmer, Mass.

► Machiavelli's Chains

SIRS:

Having just turned to the last three *NR's* I first read the following statement in "The Arrogance of Mr. Dulles" (*NR*, Jan. 23):

> Concealment, maneuver, even deception are all ingredients of what Mr. Dulles calls "the necessary art." It is the art of Machiavelli, and for all his lifelong training and his legal skill Mr. Dulles forgets one thing — that Machiavelli died in chains.

There is no need for a melodramatic indictment of Mr. Dulles for forgetting what the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *Cambridge Modern History*, and other biographies have also "forgotten," namely, "that Machiavelli died in chains." The chains had come at a much earlier period in his life, and he escaped to write the books for which he is famous. He died only in disappointment.

DELMAR C. HOMAN
New York City

BANDWAGON

AVC National Chairman Mickey Levine has urged that it is time to take drastic action against the growing lawlessness in the State of Mississippi.

Levine set out a several point program of action including a voluntary boycott against the products of Mississippi, federal intervention to uphold the laws of the national government, a committee for political refugees from Mississippi terror, and a "Radio Free Mississippi" to break through the "Magnolia Curtain" so that the people of that State "may discover what the civilized people of America think." — *The AVC Bulletin*, January 1956.

Indonesia Fears Dulles Will Pay Visit in March

—headline in *The Washington Evening Star*, Jan. 18, 1956.

THE masses didn't get to hear Billy [Graham] in Bombay, but a large indoor meeting was held for ministers and Christian workers. They rejoiced over the fact that God could use mob violence to make Bombay the most prayed-for city in history.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, January 25, 1956

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